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MONTANA OUTDOORS

SPECIAL PHOTO ISSUE

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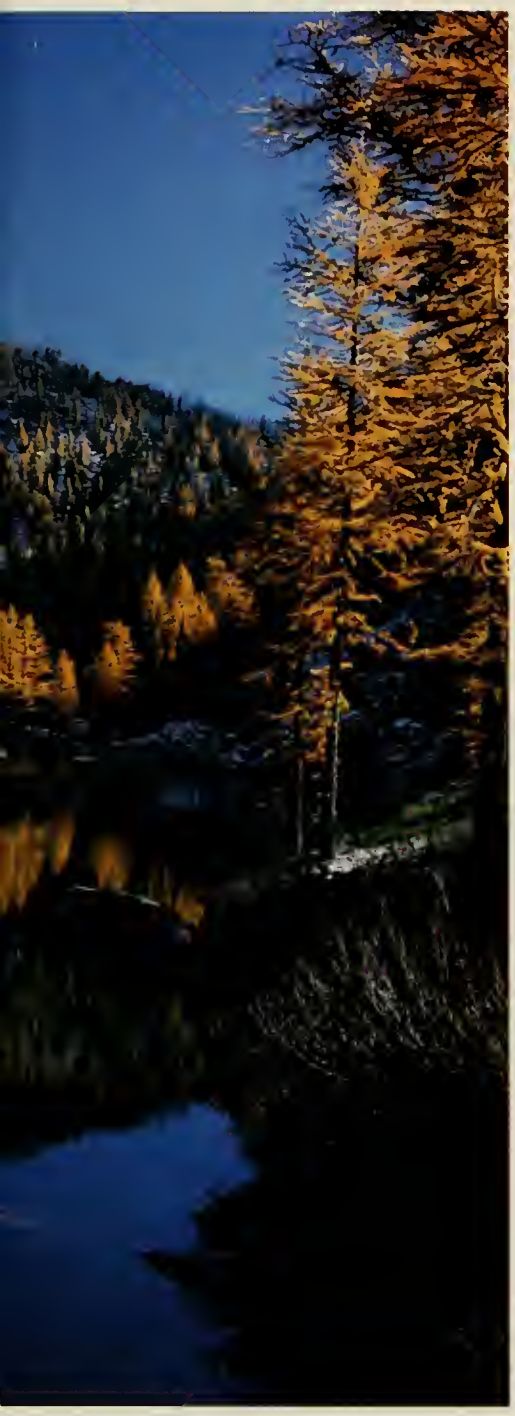


FRONT COVER
Bull Moose
DONALD M. JONES

BACK COVER
Antelope
TIM CHRISTIE

INSIDE FRONT COVER
Lake Crystal, Bitterroot Mountains
MARK LAGERSTROM

MONTANA OUTDOORS

January/February 1997
Volume 28, Number 1

When you come into this *Montana Outdoors*, this the 16th annual photo issue, you come into a country we can't help but love.

Accompanied by Missoula poet John Holbrook's holiday greeting are images of a snow-covered landscape, Montana badlands, elk, bear, and woodpeckers. As you marvel at the wildlife, rugged mountains, and cowboy prairies that define natural Montana, please take a moment to think about what it has taken to sustain and nurture all that is and remains wild in this spectacular state.

What you won't see, and what is seldom seen in these special issues, are photos of Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks wardens, biologists, or parks caretakers.

So often during the holiday season we rightfully take time to remember Montana's farmers and ranchers for providing wildlife with habitat and hunters with access. We take time to celebrate our sportsmen and sportswomen for providing the funds needed to manage our wildlife resources. Often overlooked are Montana's on-the-ground biologists, and the professional men and women who have dedicated their lives to helping us enjoy Montana's fish, wildlife, and parks. Those are the people who have the special privilege to shake the hands of our citizen ranchers on the dawn of a promising spring; who offer advice to visiting anglers in the wonderful heat of summer; who can encourage a young hunter on a glorious and golden autumn day with a pat on the back with the same hand they place on the grizzly bear.

I'd like to take this opportunity to dedicate this *Montana Outdoors* to not just those men and women, but to all of my co-workers in Montana's state government for the quiet dedication and hard work they perform so admirably. I am honored to be counted among them, for it has been Montanans working together for generations who have made this place the Last Best Place. Truly, at some point, everyone deserves a Montana in their life.

During the holiday season we often hear it said that "the proof is in the pudding." At least for the past 16 years, at the moment *Montana Outdoors* has arrived, the proof has always been in the pictures.

Best wishes,

Marc Racicot

MARC RACICOT
Governor

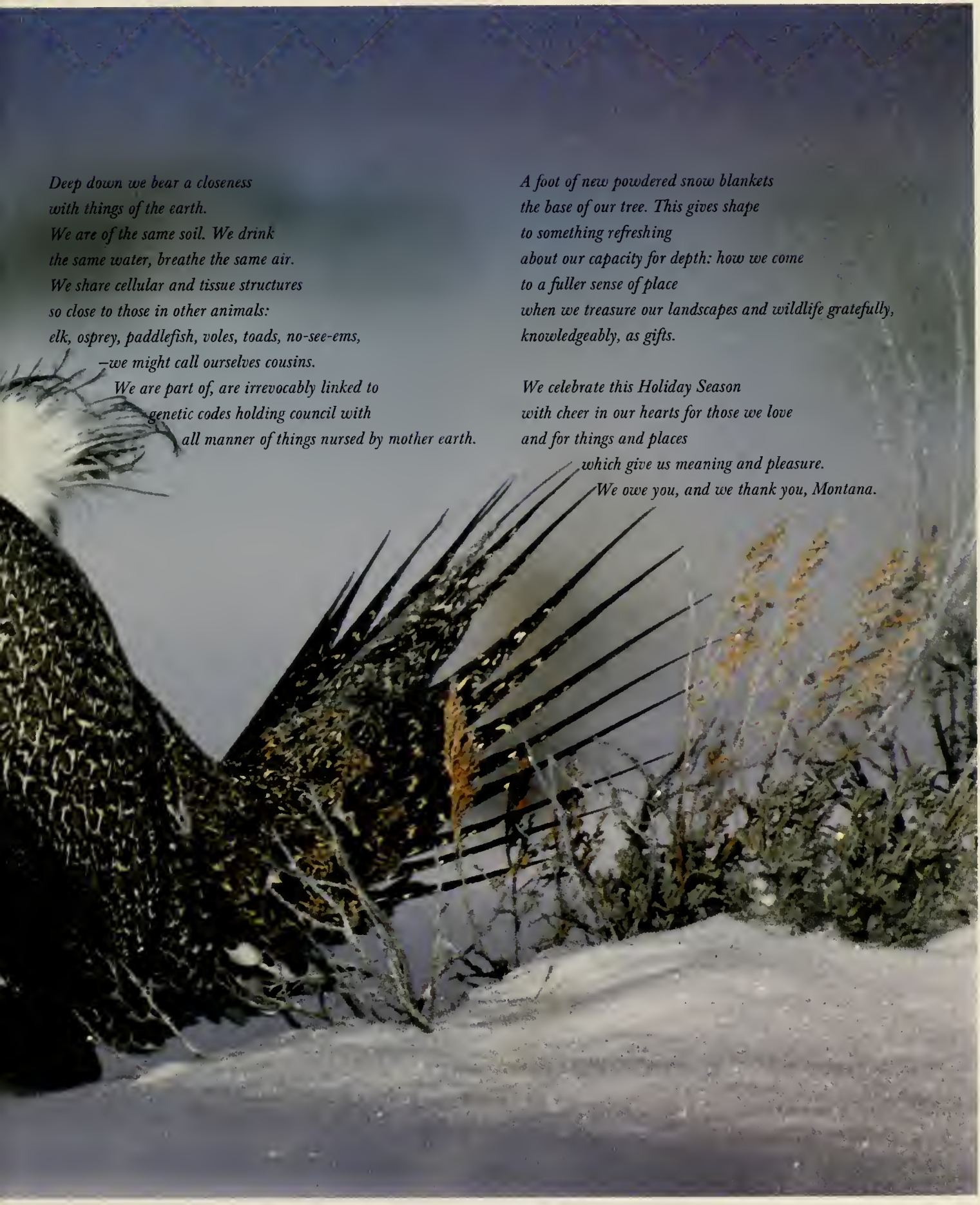
Trimming the Tree, Montana Style

by John Holbrook

Imagine the perfect tree this Christmas
humming with garlands
of autumn greens, reds, yellows,
and crisp, golden coin-like leaves of aspen
quaking in a lake-blue sky.
Imagine a breeze sending them
on riotous holidays of their own,
tumbling here and there,
kicking up their heels as they go.

Imagine canopies of cedar, spruce, larch,
where what is free, fierce, fair,
thrives in fragrant near cathedral-like air
under the lofty swaying strength
of living wood. Imagine woodpeckers,
pileated, red shafted, wing-barred,
dark greenish plumage, dining on the bounty of sun-soaked snags.
carlet crest, brown cap,
r gray face, solid back,
spotted, crescent breast or rose,
tide bellboys signal
ng special is about to be served.

Appetites grow in the fireside glow
of family and friends. We hunker down
under one roof, set the scene
for wild abundance. On this limb
we can hang breathtaking pieces
of the Great Divide, clear as crystal in the distance.
Over here, a cliff's ledge and waterfall,
spray on fern and moss, and there,
ribboning down a valley,
a willow thicket in which
sweeping sails of antlers, hammered,
ig as brass platters,
e seen lifting baskets of sunlight.
the muscled mahogany of a bull moose
turns in our direction now
in the amplifying sheen of that same light.

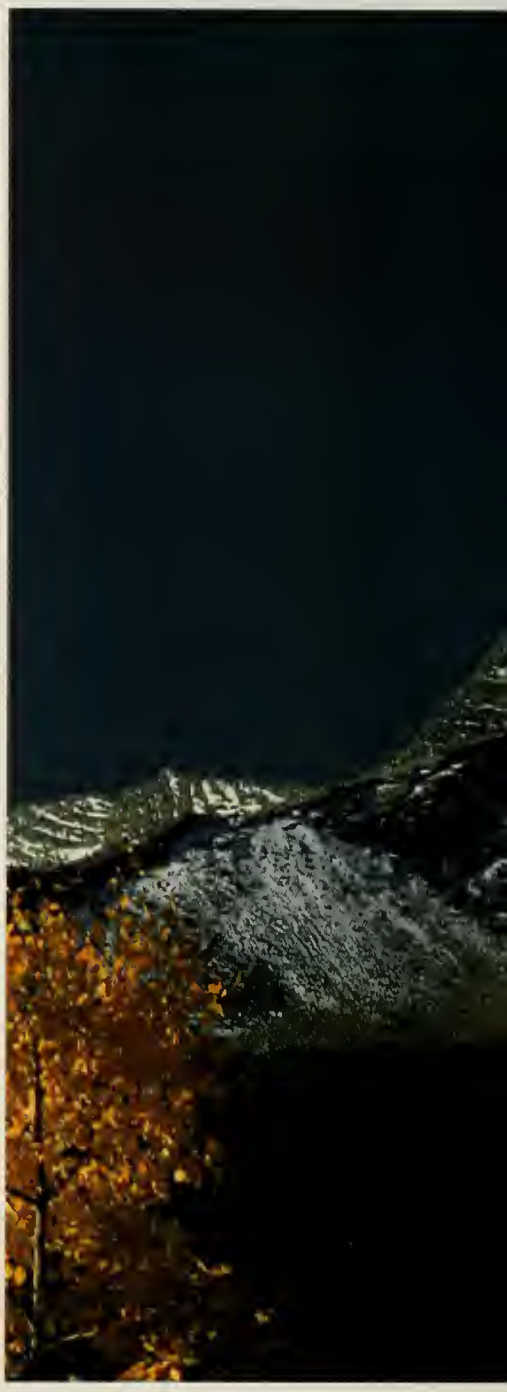
We can scatter in hawk and badger,
grouse and salamander, loon, dragonfly and lynx,
lunar moth and antelope, squeeze in, even,
one disarmingly pudgy, undulating,
quarter-ton mass of suddenly impolite
grizzly gusto. And this fellow,
white tuxedo-trimmed ptarmigan,
lapels dappled bronze, invisible
when it snows, topping things off
working his harvest
on an outcrop of alpine rock...
how brilliantly he fits in just as he is.

Deep down we bear a closeness
with things of the earth.
We are of the same soil. We drink
the same water, breathe the same air.
We share cellular and tissue structures
so close to those in other animals:
elk, osprey, paddlefish, voles, toads, no-see-ems,
—we might call ourselves cousins.
We are part of, are irrevocably linked to
genetic codes holding council with
all manner of things nursed by mother earth.

A foot of new powdered snow blankets
the base of our tree. This gives shape
to something refreshing
about our capacity for depth: how we come
to a fuller sense of place
when we treasure our landscapes and wildlife gratefully,
knowledgeably, as gifts.

We celebrate this Holiday Season
with cheer in our hearts for those we love
and for things and places
which give us meaning and pleasure.
We owe you, and we thank you, Montana.

Sage Grouse
ROBERT E. BARBER

Autumn Colors
JOHN LAMBING



Imagine the perfect tree this Christmas
humming with garlands
of autumn greens, reds, yellows,
and crisp, golden coin-like leaves of aspen
quaking in a lake-blue sky.

Heaven's Peak, Glacier National Park
JOHN W HERBST

Fall Outing
DENVER BRYAN

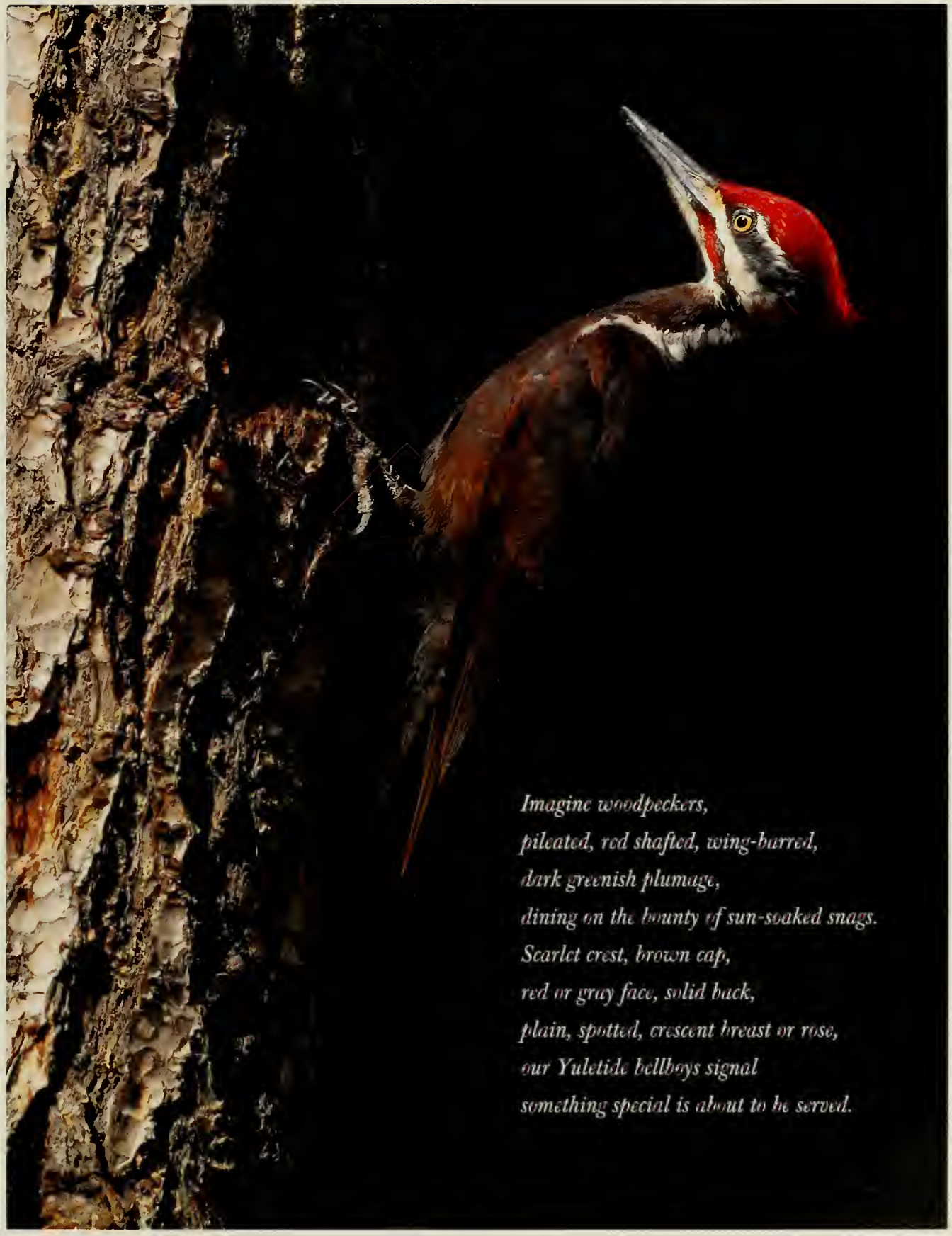
Merriam's Turkey
DONALD M. JONES

Imagine a breeze sending them
on riotous holidays of their own,
tumbling here and there,
kicking up their heels as they go.

Western Redcedars, Kootenai National Forest
DONALD M. JONES

Imagine canopies of cedar, spruce, larch,
where what is free, fierce, fair,
thrives in fragrant near cathedral-like air
under the lofty swaying strength
of living wood.

Northern Flicker
DONALD M. JONES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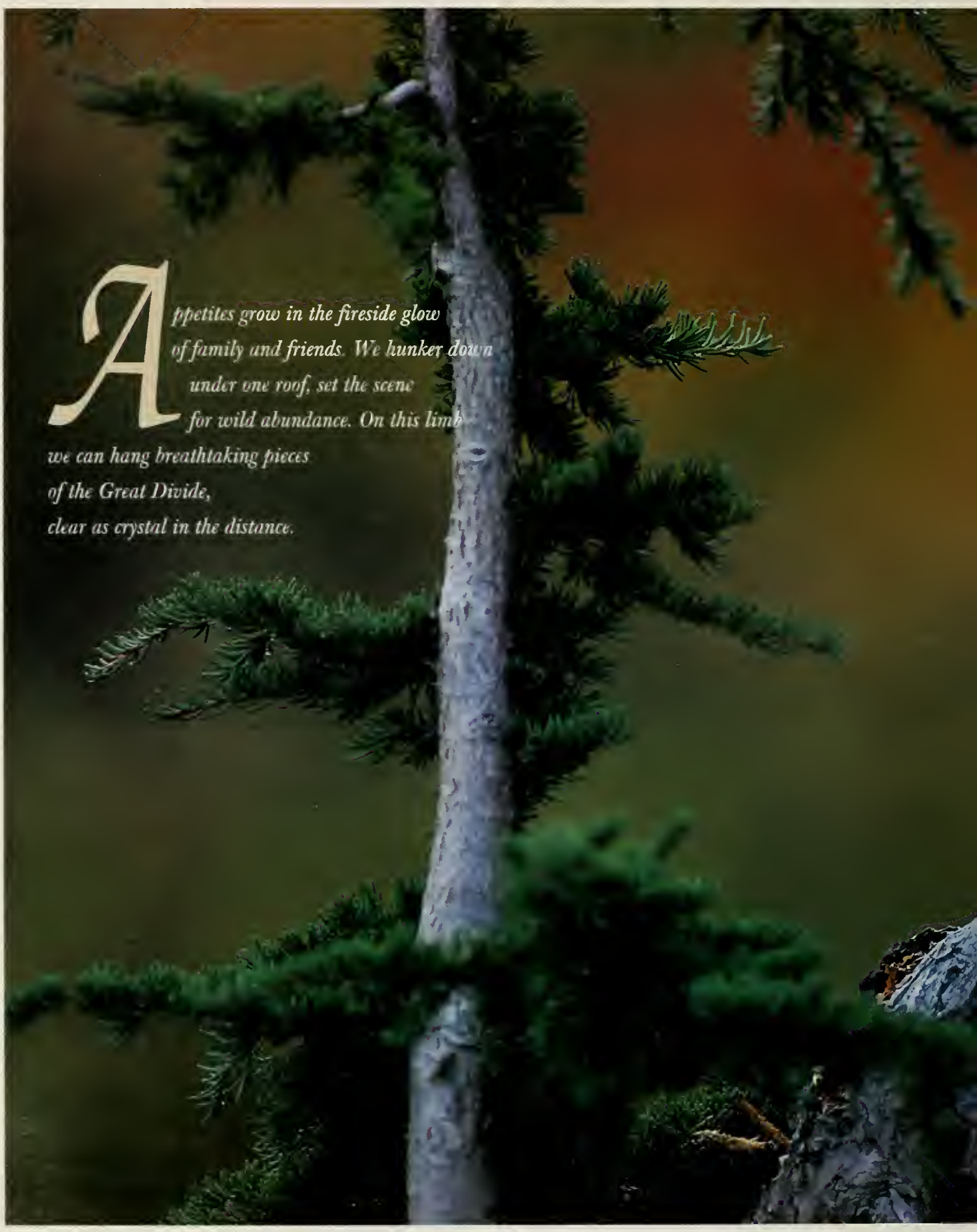
dark greenish plumage,
dining on the bounty of sun-soaked snags.
Scarlet crest, brown cap,
red or gray face, solid back,
plain, spotted, crescent breast or rose,
our Yuletide bellboys signal
something special is about to be served.

Pileated Woodpecker
MILO BURCHAM

Jewel Basin Hiking Area,
Flathead National Forest
CHUCK HANEY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of the Great Divide,
clear as crystal in the distance.

Chipmunk
RICHARD MOUSEL

Marias River
JOHN LAMBING

Over here, a cliff's ledge and waterfall,
spray on fern and moss, and there,
ribboning down a valley,
a willow thicket in which

Big Timber Creek, Crazy Mountains
MICHAEL J. WOLF

Badlands near Terry
CHUCK HANEY

Bugling Elk
BRAD GARFIELD

Shiras Moose
SCOTT MCKINLEY

sweeping sails of antlers, hammered,
big as brass platters,
can be seen lifting baskets of sunlight.
All the muscled mahogany of a bull moose
turns in our direction now
in the amplifying sheen of that same light.

Badger
MICHAEL H. FRANCIS

We can scatter in hawk and badger,
grouse and salamander, loon, dragonfly and lynx,
lunar moth and antelope, squeeze in, even,

Common Loon
DONALD M JONES

Antelope
MIKE BARLOW

one disarmingly pudgy, undulating,
quarter-ton mass of suddenly impolite
grizzly gusto.

Grizzly bear
DONALD M. JONES

White-tailed Ptarmigan
RODNEY SCHLECHT

And this fellow,
white tuxedo-trimmed ptarmigan,
lapels dappled bronze, invisible
when it snows, topping things off
working his harvest
on an outcrop of alpine rock...
how brilliantly he fits in just as he is.

Porcupine
MICHAEL S. QUINTON

Birdtail Butte, West-Central Montana
JOHN LAMBING

Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness Area
TIM EGAN

Deep down we bear a closeness with things of the earth. We are of the same soil. We drink the same water, breathe the same air.

Richardson Ground Squirrels
RICHARD MOUSEL

We share cellular and tissue structures
so close to those in other animals:
elk, osprey, paddlefish, voles, toads, no-see-ems,
—we might call ourselves cousins.

Coyote
KERRY T. NICKOU

We are part of, are irrevocably linked to
genetic codes holding council with
all manner of things nursed by mother earth.

White-tailed Deer
DONALD M. JONES

Rocky Mountain Front
PATRICK TOALSON

A foot of new powdered snow blankets
the base of our tree. This gives shape
to something refreshing
about our capacity for depth: how we come
to a fuller sense of place
when we treasure our landscapes and wildlife
gratefully, knowledgeably, as gifts.

Mt. St. Nicholas, Glacier National Park
SCOTT WHEELER

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